Speake, for I dare the vttermoſt you can.
Mur In and out vpon occaſion I know you not.
kin. No, didſt thou not ſay, that ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,
Was one with whom you purpoſed to haue met?
Mur. True I did ſay ſo, but in what reſpect,
Becauſe I heard it was reported ſo.
king. Was there no other argument but that?
Act. To cleere my conſcience ere I dye my Lord,
I muſt confeſſe we haue no other ground
But onely rumour to accuſe this Lord,
Which now I ſee was meerely fabulous.
kin. The more pernitious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.
Cob. Let this my Lord, which I preſent your grace
Speake for my loyalty, reade theſe Articles,
And then giue ſentence of my life or death.
kin. Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted
With bribes from Charles of France, either to win
My Crowne from me, or ſecretly contriue
My death by Treaſon? Iſt poſſible?
Cob. There is the platforme, and their hands, my Lord,
Each ſeuerally ſubſcribed to the ſame.
kin. Oh neuer heard of baſe ingratitude!
Euen thoſe I hug within my boſome moſt,
Are readieſt euermore to ſting my heart.
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.
Is then their time of meeting ſo neere hand?
Weele meete with them, but little for their eaſe,
If God permit. Go take theſe Rebels hence,
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Country, ſtill be free. *exeunt*
Mur. Be it more or leſſe, what a world is this?
Would I had continued ſtill of the order of knaues,
And nere ſought knight-hood, ſince it coſts
So deere: ſir Roger I may thanke you for all.

Acton

Acton. Now 'tis too late to haue it remedied,
I prethee Murley do not vrge me with it.
Hun. VVill you away, and make no more to do?
Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, too and fro, as occaſion ſeru
If you be ſo haſty, take my place.
Hun. No good ſir knight, eene tak't your ſelfe.
Mur. I could be glad to giue my betters place. *E*

Enter Biſhop, Lord Warden, Cromer the Shreeue, Lady C and attendants.

Biſh. I tell ye Lady, it's not poſſible
But you ſhould know where he conueyes himſelfe
And you haue hid him in ſome ſecret place.
La. My Lord beleeue me, as I haue a ſoule,
I know not where my Lord my husband is.
Biſh. Go too, go ye are an heretike,
And will be forc'd by torture to confeſſe,
If faire meanes will not ſerue to make you tell.
La. My husband is a noble Gentleman,
And neede not hide himſelfe for any fact
That ere I heard of, therefore wrong him not.
Biſh. Your husband is a dangerous ſchiſmatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore M. Cromer ſhreeue of Kent,
I charge you take her to your cuſtodie,
And ſeize the goods of Sir Iohn Old-caſtle
To the Kings vſe; let her go in no more,
To fetch ſo much as her apparrell out,
There is your warrant from his Maieſtie.
L. War. Good my Lord Biſhop pacifie your wrath
Againſt the Ladie.
Biſh. Then let her confeſſe
VVhere Old-caſtle her husband is conceal'd.
L. War. I dare engage mine honor and my life,
Poore Gentlewoman, ſhe is ignorant
And innocent of all his practiſes